

SOWK [Somewhere Only We Know] by lavenderlow

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Summary:

Jonathan and Steve make some revelations on the side of the highway at two a.m.

SOWK [Somewhere Only We Know]

Author's Note:

hi this story takes place at two a.m. and i WROTE this at two a.m. so PLEASE go easy on me. this is my first jonathan/steve fanfiction on this site, yay

It was close to midnight and Jonathan and Steve found that it was a good night to ride ninety on the highway out of Hawkins, Indiana. Jonathan was tucked in a cramped ball in the passenger seat, his jacket over his flushed face after he spent a majority of the time on the main roads crying and holding his now-bruised face. He rubbed his cheek, making it almost raw. He sniffled, and he could tell Steve was uncomfortable, because he heard him clear his throat and take a deep breath as he adjusted his hands on the steering wheel. Jonathan only tried to make himself smaller by curling back up further into his jacket. All he wanted to do was stay quiet, just revel in his thoughts as the orange street lights flickered above them and cast an awkward lighting over the two of them.

Who did he think he was? Sticking up for Steve, by himself, in the middle of a crowd. He didn't stand a chance. What made him think that he did? Maybe it was the way that Steve looked helpless, even though he was usually top dog, lone wolf...he never needed help from anybody. He never needed anyone to stay by his side or tell him he was okay... Like Jonathan did.

It wasn't expected when Steve took him by the hand and hightailed them out of there. Jonathan got shoved into the passenger seat and in an instant, Steve was already next to him in the driver's seat revving up the engine. They were out of there within minutes, and the voices of everyone else yelling after them and laughing still rang in Jonathan's head as he started to cry again.

It started out as a small sniff, the tears stinging at the corners of his eyes and quietly dripping onto his shirt. He had to hold back the

overwhelming urge to start doing one of those bad, screaming cries that he only does when he's alone. But he is in so much pain right now, not only because of the black eye that was forming at his eye, but also the thumping pain in his chest that got worse when he realized that he couldn't even protect his own friend, his best friend...someone he loved more than just a friend. But when Jonathan sat in the car and started to cry he knew that someone like Steve Harrington- star of the football team, teen heartthrob, school playboy- could love someone like Jonathan Byers- the kid in the back. That was all he was. The kid that took photos when no one was watching, the kid that sat out during gym, the local freakshow. Steve would never love him. Not that he could blame him.

And then, all of a sudden, instead of Jonathan's quiet tears, he started to whimper. He felt so pathetic. What person does that? Why would he make a fool of himself, in front of Steve, his friends...Why would he even try that? He's not some knight in shining armor, he's not the hero, because he never will be. He's always gonna be the helpless one, the one that needs to be saved. Why did he think that he could do this, just this once, just this once he tried to be the one to save Steve. But he never had good luck.

Jonathan then started to feel the car come to a quick stop. He had no idea where they were, somewhere on the outskirts of Hawkins, probably, considering how long they've been driving. As Jonathan slowly starts to peek his head out of his jacket, he locks eyes with Steve's. They're red and puffy, like he's been crying too. He has a black eye forming, and his knuckles are red and swollen. Jonathan was suddenly hit by another pang of guilt so strong that he could feel his bones quiver under his skin. Steve looks away at him for a second, like he's ashamed, and then slowly steps out of the car. Jonathan's stomach feels like a bag of coins just got dropped in it. He was terrified of what was about to happen.

Jonathan swallowed his tears and unzipped his jacket, leaving it behind in the car as he walked out of the door. Steve was sitting on the hood, looking up at the stars.

He walked around to the front of the car, and leaned up against it. He felt so out of place, like a scene in a bad romance film. The boy would tell the girl how he felt and they'd talk about how they've loved each other from the start, and how the girl has been waiting for this moment forever. Then they'd kiss under the stars and the screen would fade, and everyone in the theater would long for a love like that. Except, it's two boys, one with an unrequited love and a black eye, and the other with red knuckles and a stuffy nose sitting on a car off the highway. They're not in a movie, they aren't the American dream, they're just two confused teens, and Jonathan wishes that Steve would tell him he loved him. But that won't happen.

As Jonathan picks himself up onto the hood of the car, Steve is the one to talk first.

"So...What happened? At Tommy's?" Steve doesn't look Jonathan in the eye as he asks him the question, he rather looks up at the sky. Jonathan didn't know what to say. He could tell him that he couldn't bare to see him get hurt, because that was the truth. But was the truth really what he wanted to say?

"Well, yanno, Tommy was so drunk he was starting to laugh at you... and he said you were fag for sitting so close to me. And then he swung at you and I couldn't bear to- to-" Jonathan started to choke up. Fuck. He shut his eyes and looked away from Steve, covering his mouth.

"Hey, It's okay, Jonny. You're okay, we're alone. Whatever you want to say, you can say out here." Steve finally looked in his direction, his cheeks red like Jonathan's.

"I couldn't stand there and... and see you get hurt. I care about you too much, and I didn't- I couldn't just sit there and let you be hurt like that. So I got up and I swung at him. I don't know what came over me. I'm sorry." Jonathan sniffled and looked down at the ground, holding his head in his hands. He felt so embarrassed. Guys aren't supposed to care about each other, not in the way that Jonathan cares about Steve.

“No, Jonny, don’t be sorry, okay? You have nothing to be sorry for.” he said as Jonathan looked up at Steve, tears at his eyes. Steve put his arm out to Jonathan, placing it on top of one of his. “Don’t cry, please. This is my fault, don’t forget that. I shouldn’t have sat too close to you, you were probably uncomfortable. That’s why Tommy got angry in the first place-”

“No, no, it was okay. I was okay with it.” Jonathan promptly cut him off. He looked down at Steve’s hand on his. He looked up at Steve with a bright red blush, probably, which made Steve react by picking up his hand and placing it back in his lap. “W- I, I was okay with that. You don’t have to stop.” Jonathan found it hard to speak and keep eye contact with him after he said that, even though his face got hot as he felt Steve’s hand land back on his once more.

It was quiet for a while. Jonathan was conflicted, with his hot blush and Steve’s hand on his. He looked up at the sky as the stars began to be covered by clouds. The orange lamps above the road, once again, gave a weird ambient lighting to their scene, as Jonathan looked at his other hand and checked the time. It was two a.m., and he was sitting on Steve Harrington’s car hood, holding his hand. Jonathan Byers was holding hands with Steve Harrington.

Jonathan looked over at Steve, and was suddenly hit with a pang of guilt once again as he saw tears falling silently down the teen’s face. He didn’t know what to do- he never had to comfort people when they cried, he never thought it would be Steve to cry. He was confused and scared. What if he did something wrong?

“Steve?” Jonathan asked. He locked eyes with him. Steve’s eyes looked like they lost the spark, the spark that Jonathan fell in love with six months ago when they first became friends. The same light that made Steve the person that he is, seemed to be dim in this moment. “What’s wrong, man?” Jonathan didn’t know what to say other than “bud” or “man” because he didn’t want to seem like he was a pansy. Steve probably thinks he’s a fag anyway because every

time they've ever talked, Jonathan is blushing and stuttering.

"Jonathan, don't call me that." Steve's grip on Jonathan's hand tightened, and Jonathan suddenly became very worried. "I feel like such a shit head saying this to you. You're going to think I'm crazy." at that statement, Jonathan actually smiled a little bit. It seemed like it made Steve feel better too, because he started to laugh after seeing Jonathan's reaction. "Yeah, who am I kidding, you know I'm crazy anyway." Steve's hand let go of Jonathan's and he slid off the hood of the car, walking over to the side of the highway.

Jonathan quickly became worried, because it seemed that his reaction prompted Steve to get angry rather than comfort him. He slid off the hood himself and followed Steve off to the side of the road. The chirps of cicadas in the nearby woods was the only thing breaking the silence between them.

"Steve, what's up? What's going on?" He walked towards him and Steve backed away in sync with Jonathan's steps. "You're making me worried, seriously, what the hell? What do you need to say to me? You're walking off onto the highway like a mad man, and you were just crying, you're scaring me! What is wrong?" Jonathan stopped in his tracks as his eyes started to water again. Steve was walking away and Jonathan had only one idea.

"I like you, Steve. I like you a lot." Jonathan said, watching as Steve abruptly turned around to look Jonathan in the eye. Jonathan didn't know what to do. He stood dead in his tracks, like a deer in headlights. He stood with his mouth agape and his eyes wide. He really just did that. He told Steve Harrington, his best friend, his crush of six months, that he liked him.

"I knew I shouldn't have told you that. I'm crazy. Let's just...get in the car and go home." Jonathan quickly turned around and started walking to the car. He felt the tears stinging at his eyes and threatening to spill. He couldn't cry now, though. Now was the worst

time he could ever choose to cry. He's already exposed himself to Steve and he can't be looking like more than a pansy than he already is.

"Wait, wait, Jonny, stop-" Steve ran to him, grabbing his arm and stopping him.

"No, Steve, I want to go home. Just drop me off and you don't have to see me after this. I shouldn't have ever said anything."

"Jonathan,"

"No, Steve! Look, I'm sorry, I'm a fucking fag, alright! I sat too close to you at Tommy's, I held your hand, for the past six months I've liked you and I'm just a shithead and I'm disgusting for thinking you'd like me back, because it's not norm-" Steve cut him off by pressing his lips to Jonathan's, effectively shutting him up.

Jonathan was shocked and then quickly understood what was happening. He started to kiss back, not exactly understanding how to at first, but he soon fell into Steve's rhythm. His face was burning hot, and his limbs felt fuzzy as they continued to kiss until they both ran out of breath.

As they parted, Steve laid his head on top of Jonathan's.

"I've been waiting for you to say that for so long. Six months, actually." Steve said, putting his hands on Jonathan's waist.

"Six months, really? You've liked me that long too?" Jonathan laid his head on Steve's chest, listening to his heartbeat. The humidity of the late night summer air around them made everything weirdly sweaty and sticky, but that was okay.

"Ever since we met, I was like, 'Damn, maybe I am gay.' I've always seen guys a bit differently, I guess, but when I talked to you, I

knew... I knew you were going to be something to me. I wanted to love you. It was weird coming to terms with it, but yeah. I've been waiting so long for you to say that."

"Really? I thought you'd never like me, seriously-" Jonathan laughed as Steve suddenly picked his head up and looked at him with a shocked face. He placed his hands on his shoulders and scoffed. Jonathan picked up his own head and looked at Steve, only to roll his eyes.

"Why wouldn't I like you? You take great photos, you're beautiful, really, and your shyness is quite endearing. I guess I know why you were shy now, right Jonny?"

"Yeah, right. Whatever. Let's just get back home and go to bed. I have a black eye and I'm tired." Jonathan laid his head back down on Steve's chest again, as they interlocked hands again.

"Yeah, you're right. Thank you for sticking up for me at Tommy's, okay? I think that was the moment that really made me fall in love with you." Steve looked down at Jonathan and blushed as they started to walk back to the car.

As they got in their seats and started driving again, before Jonathan could doze off, he could only think of one thing to say to Steve to express his joy.

"Hey, Steve?"

"Yeah, Jonny?"

"Are we considered...boyfriends now?" Jonathan looked over to Steve and into the forest behind him through the car window.

“Yeah. Boyfriends.”

Author's Note:

lmao im sorry u had to read that monstrosity

find me on social media-

insta- @wasthedarkness

tumblr- lillianthekidd